

were given by Mr. C. J. L. White under the anonymous title "A Dunedin Barrister," and apparently won a huge following in the south. Mr. White always marshals his facts neatly, and speaks in a concise and amusing manner that at once puts him "on side" with the listening public. When this Dunedin barrister holds court the room's full—and I'm in it!



Another talk of the right kind came last week from 2YA on Thursday night. Mrs. E. McKellar—a stranger so far as I know, and, of course, the NBS announcers never tell!—spoke on "Alpine Sports" all over the world, from Europe to New Zealand, in a pleasantly conversational way that

#### TRAVEL TALK WITHOUT DISCOMFORTS

made icy slopes, even in the cold weather, sound infinitely alluring. Mrs. McKellar has a deep contralto voice, one of the most attractive I have heard recently in a woman radio speaker, and

"The Coronets of England" series on Queen Elizabeth came to an end at 1YA last Wednesday night. Like thousands of other listeners, I followed the series through and was sorry when the Elizabethan story concluded. Whoever played the role of Elizabeth from her

#### PLAUDITS FOR QUEEN BESS

youth to her old age deserves the highest praise for a remarkable performance. Her soliloquy before the death of Essex, in the second to last episode, was one of the finest pieces of emotional acting I have heard in any drama, over the radio or on the stage. I think many listeners would like to be told the names of the excellent cast in this series. I have heard vaguely it was recorded in Australia by an English company on tour of the Commonwealth. Could the NBS tell me? The new series of "Coronets of England" from 1YA deals with Mary, Queen of Scots, and is just as good entertain-

I Met My Girl in the Rain," "Rhythm of the Rain," and "When the Rain Comes Roaring Down." After so much wetness, it was singularly apropos to include the whimsical comedy sketch, "Musical Influenza." Sneezing heavily, I waded from my radio set and to bed. And I did have a cold next morning!



It is not often, these days, that I listen to the radio when there's no work to be done. I was just switching off 2YC last Wednesday night to return to my jigsaw when the first lines of Graeme Holder's

#### DUST AND A JIGSAW PUZZLE

"Dust" caught my attention. Thirty-five minutes later I recovered consciousness. Something or other about that little play "got" me. Atmosphere, I think. The theme was melodramatic, not over original, and possessed no particular artistic entity. But yet I could smell the dust of the Oklahoma "dust bowl" until I almost choked. I felt that trees were my personal friends. After hearing the fate of the tree-murderer I realised Arbor Day had a new significance for me. That, after all, is what the stiff-moving little drama aimed at doing. "Dust" was a very fine job of work to the credit of the NBS production team. Lately they are coming out by leaps and bounds.



On the anniversary eve of the outbreak of the Great War last week, I tuned in to 2YD giving a timely recording of the play, "Twenty-four Hours." I missed this, I think, when it came

#### DID WAR START LIKE THAT?

over from one of the main stations earlier in the year, but in a way I was glad because it was so weighty with significance last Thursday. All the same, why can't we have something less conventional on such a day? "Twenty-four Hours" struck me as being very much hack-work, the theme splurgy, the script ponderous, and the acting entirely without zest. Adequate perhaps, as radio drama goes, but certainly not an original or even an interesting view of the crooked politics and blunders that goaded the purblind nations into the futile massacres of 1914-1918.



Because I like the mouth organ (well played) I listened as often as I could to contestants in the recent 4ZB harmonica competition—not that the pieces were always well played by any means! I amused myself by "picking the winners," and

#### ONE HORSE CAME PUFFING HOME

in the under 15 class backed a young fellow who played "Silent Night" with real sincerity. Only one of my horses came home, but I was delighted it was the player of "Silent Night." His tremolo was remarkably fine. The winners were: A grade (under 15), H. Donaldson; B grade (over 15), W. A. Waller; C grade (chromatic), L. Sainsbury.

WE are too much obsessed with books.  
—Sir Richard Paget.

## NOTICE TO READERS

WE have pleasure in advising readers that plans for the enlargement and improvement of the "Record," which have been in preparation for some time, are now complete and will be effected in the near future.

These plans provide for the introduction of many new and attractive features, which will definitely increase the reader interest and value of the "Record," making it a bigger and better paper with more popular appeal than ever.

A fuller statement of our plans will be given nearer the time for action. Meantime we sincerely thank all readers for their past support and assure them that the "Record" will not fail to give even better literary fare and interest in the future in the fields of radio, film and stage entertainment and general home interest.

she was not afraid to put expression into her words when they needed it. I hope her talk will go the rounds of the Nationals—it made one realise that radio at its best does open one way of hearing really entertaining travel chat without the necessity of sitting on a hard concert-hall chair in a draught and wondering how long it will be before one can decently leave for home.



Commercial radio's sho-twins (pronounce ski) did not impress me very much when a few months ago they took over 2ZB's nine o'clock reception sessions. They were inclined to elocute and were far too

#### TWINS ARE USING DOUBLE VOICE

uneasy to joke with the microphone. Lately, however, these two young announcers have improved a good deal. They talk with more nonchalance and are learning to capitalise on their double voice, an asset which at first they treated as definitely a liability, and, if anything, tried to conceal. Now they are using "back chat," quite amusing at times, and doing a good deal of interrupting and arguing. It all lends variety to radio's routine sessions. Mind you, some of my experienced women friends tell me the Twins go astray now and then with their ingredients. Maybe so, but who is a mere man to judge the quality of an airy scone!

ment if the reaction of Wellington and Dunedin listeners is any indication.



Last week, shame upon us, the "Record" paid an undeserved compliment! Bryan O'Brien took it, for the sad story of little Harry and his "Badgie," which was told on one of the closing nights of 2ZB's

#### AN APOLOGY TO MICHAEL.

it was Michael who made my Adam's apple choke in my throat that evening with the pathos of his tale. Sorry, Bryan, and congratulations, Michael, for a memorable example of how stories for children should be told over the air.



Perhaps in a spirit of bitterness, 4YO featured recently an apt continuity programme in which every recording had something to do with cold and uncomfortable weather. True, there wasn't much snow or frost but the rain came down so heavily I almost went out and put on gal-

#### PROGRAMME GAVE ME A COLD

ashes! "On a Cold and Frosty Morning" opened the programme, and later on came "Rain," "Singing in the Rain," "Under My Umbrella," "When